A mad kinde of wooing,

Or, a Dialogue betweene *Will* the simple, and *Nan* the subtill,

With their louing agreement.

To the tune of the new dance at the Red Bull Play-house.

Sweet Nancie I doe loue thée deare,
Beléeue me if thou can.
And shall, I doe protest and sweare,
while that thy name is Nan.
I cannot court with eloquence,
As many Courtiers doe:
But I doe loue intirely wench,
and must entertée so.
Spight of friends that contends
To separate our loue:
If thou loue me as I loue thée,
my minde shall ne're remoue.

Nan.

Peare goodman clowne you are to blame,
In proffering loue to me:
And if thou vse such rusticke speech,
wée two shall ne're agree:
Dost thinke my fortunes Ile forsake,
To marry with a clowne,
When I haue choice inough to take,
of Gallants in the towne,
The Eagles eye doth scorne the flie,
Shele find a better prey;
Therefore leaue off thy dotish suit,
away fond fole away.

Will.

Why prethe Nan ne're scorne my loue,
Although I be but plaine:
Where Will doth once but set his loue,
he must not loue in vaine.
For all you speake so Scholler-like,
And talke of Eagles eyes:
I know I am come a woing wench
and not a catching flies.
Then ne're reply nor yet deny,
I will not be denaid:
I would not haue the world report,
I twice did woe a maide.

Nan.

But twice and thrice and twenty times
You'l woe before you win:
To match with ignorance'mongst maids
is held a sottish sin.
Therefore Ile match if ere I match,
One equall to my spirit:
And such a one or else no one,
shall my best loue inherit.
A man of wit best doth fit:
A Mayden for to take,
Then such a man if that I can:
my husband I will make.

Will.

Why Nan I hope thou dost not take,
Thy Will to be a fole:
Thou knowst my Father for thy sake,
three peeres kept me at schoole.
And if that thou hast spirit enough,
To yeeld to be my ioy,
I warrant I haue spirit enough,
to get a chopping boy.
Then ne're deny, yeeld and try,
Or try before you trust:
Let who will seeke for to enioy,
for Will both will and must.

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The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

WHy I haue thoſe that ſéek my loue
That are too ſtout to yeeld:
And rather then they'd loſe my loue,
they'd win me in the field,
Their skill in martiall exercíſe,
So much doth thine ſurpaſſe,
That ſhould they heare thee ſue for loue,
they'd count thee but an aſſe,
Then be mute thy fooliſh ſute
Is all but ſpent in vaine:
Tis an impoſſibility
thou ſhouldſt my loue obtaine.

Will.

Doſt heare me Nan what ere I be,
Doth challenge loue of thee,
Ile make him like to Cupid blind,
he ſhall haue no eyes to ſee.
I thinke I haue a little ſkill,
My armes be ſtrong and ruffe:
And I will warrant they ſhall ſerue
to baſte him well enuffe:
If he but ſtarts to touch thy ſkirts,
Or in the leaſt offence:
By all the hopes I haue of loue,
Ile cut of his fingers ends.

Nan.

How ſhould I grant to fancie thee,
Whom others doe diſdaine.
If thou ſhouldſt chance to marry me,
how wouldſt thou me maintaine:
Thou knowſt not how to vſe a wife,
Thou art ſo homely bred:
And ſoone I doubt to iealouſie,
thy fancie might be led:
Many feares driue my cares,
That I ſhould carefull be:
I feare I match a crabbed peece,
if I ſhould marry thee.

Will.

Nan I am plaine and cannot cog,
Nor promiſe wondrous faire:
When all my promiſes ſhall proue
like Caſtles built i'th Aire:
My true performance ſhall be all,
My word ſhall be my deed:
And honeſt Nan if I haue thee,
you ſhall haue all you need.
Clap hands be bold, ſay and hold,
Let vs make quick diſpatch:
If thou loue me as I loue thee,
weele ſtraight make vp the match.

Nan.

Then Will here is both hand and heart,
Ile loue thee till I dye:
The world may iudge I match for loue,
and not all for the eye.
I had rather match a luſty youth,
Whoſe ſtrength is now at full,
Then match a ſmall weake timbred man,
whoſe ſtrength hath had a pull.
Maidens all both great and ſmall,
That hope to marry at length,
Doe not marry for bravery:
but vnto ſtrength adde ſtrength.

FINIS.

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